

HIS
MAIESTIES
LEPANTO,

Or,
HEROICALL SONG,

being part of his Poeticall exercises
at vacant houres.



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,
and Henry Hooke.

1603.

THE
MALEST
LEPANTO

HEROICALL SONG

Printed at London by Simon St. Paul
and Henry I. I. I.
1603



THE AVTHOVRS

Preface to the Reader,



I falls out often, that the effects of mens actions comes cleane contrary to the intent of the Authour. The same find I by experience (beloued Reader) in my Poeme of Lepanto: For although till now, it haue not bene imprinted, yet being set out to the publike view of many, by a great sort of stolln copies, purchast (in truth) without my knowledge or consent, it hath for lack of a Preface, bene in some things misconstrued by sundry, which I of very purpose thinking to haue omitted, for that the writing thereof might haue tended, in my opinion, to some reproch of the skilful learmednes of the Reader, as if his braynes could not haue conceyued so vncurious a work without some maner of commentary, & so haue made the worke more displeasants unto him: it hath by the contrary, salne out, that the lack thereof hath made it the more displeasat to some, through their mistaking a part of the meaning thereof. And for that I know the special thing misliked in it, is, that I should seeme, far contrary to my degree & Religion, like a mercenario Poet, to pen a worke, ex professo, in praise of a farraine Papisst bastard; I will, by setting downe the

The Author to the Reader.

nature and order of the Poeme, resolute ignorant of their error, and make the other sort inexcusable of their captiousnes. The nature then of this Poeme, is an argument, a minore ad maius, largely intreated by a Poetike comparison, being to the writing hereof moued, by the stirring up of the league & cruell persecution of the Protestants in al countries, at the very first raging whereof, I compiled this Poeme, as the exhortation to the persecuted in the hinmost eight lines thereof doth plainly testify, being both begun and ended in the same Summer, wherein the league was published in Fraunce. The order of the Cantique is this: First, a Poetike preface, declaring the matter I treat of, wherein, I name not Don-Iohn, neither literally nor any wayes by description, which I behoued to haue done, if I had penned the whole Poeme in his praise, as Virgil, Arma virumq; cano: & Homer, Dic mihi musa virum: of whose imitation I had not bene ashamed, if so my purpose had bene framed. Next followes my inuocation to the true God onely, and not to all the Hee and Shree Saints, for whose vaine honors, Don-Iohn fought in al his wars. Next after my inuocation, followes the poetike History of my comparison, wherein following forth the ground of a true history, as Virgil or Homer did like a painter shadowing with umbers a portraitt els drawne in grosse, for giuing it greater viuenes, so I like or paire to the circumstances of the actions, as the rules of the poetike arte will permit: which historike comparison continues till the song of the Angels: in the which I compare and apply the former comparison to our present estate, taking occasion thereupon to speak somewhat

of

The Authour to the Reader.

of our religion. Lastly, the Epilogue of the whole, in the last eight lines, declares fully my intention in the whole, and explaines so fully my comparison and argument, from the more to the lesse, as I cannot without shamefull repetition speak any more thereof. And in a word, what soeuer praise I haue giuen to Don-Iohn in this Poem, it is neither in accounting him as first or second cause of that victorie, but onely as a particular man, when hee fallies in my way, to speake the truth of him. For as it becomes not the honour of my estate, like an hireling, to pen the praise of any man: So becomes it far lesse the highnesse of my ranke and calling, to spare for the seare or fauour of whomsoeuer liuing, to speake or write the truth of any. And thus craning pardon, beloued Reader, for this longsome Apologie (being driven thereto, not by nature, but by necessitie) I bid you hartly farewell.



A 3

THE

THE SONNET.

THe azur'd vault, the cristall circles bright,
The gleaming fiery torches powdered there,
The changing round, the shining beamy light,
The sad and bearded fyres, the monsters fayre,
The prodiges appearing in the ayre,
The roaring thunders, and the blustering winds,
The fowles, in beu, in shape, and nature rayne,
The pretty notes that wing'd musicians finde,
In earth the fau'ry flowres, the mettall'd minds,
The hole some dearbies, the haughty pleasant trees,
The silver streames, the beastes of sundry kinds,
The bounded roares, and fishes of the seas:
All these for teaching man, the LORD did frame,
To doe his will, whose glory shines in thame.

I. R.





HIS MAIESTIES

LEPANTO:

OR, HEROICALL SONG.



Sing a wondrous worke of God,
I sing his mercies great,
I sing his iustice heere withall
Powr'd from his holy seat:
To wit, a cruell Martiall warre,
A bloudy battell bold,
Long doubtfull fight, with slaughter huge,
And wounded manifold.
Which fought was in LEPANTOES gulfe,
Betwixt the baptiz'd race,
And circumcis'd Turband Turkes
Rencountering in that place.
O onely God, I pray thee thrice,
Thrice one in persons three,
Alike Eternall, like of might,
Although distinct ye be.
I pray thee Father, through thy Sonne,
Thy word immortall still,
The great ARCHANGELL of records,
And worker of thy will,
To make thy holy Spreit my Muse,
And eik my pen inflame;
Aboue my skill to write this worke,
To magnify thy name.

The Kings Lepanto,

Into the turning still of times,
I erre, no time can be,
Where was and is, and times to come,
Confounded are all three;
I meane, before great God in Heauen;
(For Sunne and Moone deuides
The times in earth by houres and dayes,
And seasons: till that slides)
Yet Man, whome Man must vnderstand,
Must speake into this case,
As man; our flesh will not permit,
Wee heauenly things embrace.
Then, as I els began to say,
One day it did fall out,
As glorious God in glistering throne,
With Angels round about
Did sit, and Christ at his right hand,
That crafty Satan came,
Deceyuer, Lyar, hating man,
And Gods most sacred Name.
This olde abuser stood into
The presence of the Lord:
Then in this maner Christ accus'de
The sower of discord:
I know, thou from that Citie comest,
CONSTANTINOPLE great,
Where thou hast by thy malice made
The faythlesse Turkes to feare:
Thou hast inflamde their maddest mindes
With raging fire of wraich,
Against them all that doe professe
My Name with feruent fayth:
How long, O Father, shall they thus,
Quite vnder foote be tred,
By faythlesse folkes, who executes
What in this Snake is bred!

Then

Or, Heroicall Song.

Then Satan answerd, Fayth? Quoth he,
Their Fayth is too too small;
They strue, me thinke, on eyther part,
Who farthest backe can fall:
Hast thou not giuen them in my hands;
Euen both the sides, I say,
That I, as best doth seeme to me,
May vse them every way:
Then I E H O V A, whose nod doth make
The heauens antl nountaynes quake,
Whose smallest writh the Centers makes
Of all the Earth to shake;
Whose word did make the world of nought,
And whose approouing syne
Did stablish all, euen as we see,
By force of voyce diuine:
This God began from thundering throate
Graue words of wayght to bring:
All Christians serue my sonne, though not
Aright in euery thing.
No more shall now these Christians be
With Infidels opprest,
So of my holy hallowed Name
The force is great and blest:
Desist ô Tempter. *Gabriel*, come,
O thou *ARCHANGEL* true,
Whome I haue oft in message sent
To Realmes and Townes anew:
Go quickly hence to Venice Towne,
And put into their mindes,
To take reuenge of wrongs the *Turkes*
Haue done in sundry kindes.
No whilling winde with such a speed,
From hilles can hurle ore heugh,
As he whose thought doth furnish speed,
His thought was speed anough.

B

This

The Kings Lepanto,

This Towne it stands within the Sea,
Five miles or thereabout,
Vpon no Ile nor ground, the Sea
Runnes all the streetes throughout,
Who stood vpon the steeple head,
Should see a wondrous sight,
A Towne to stand without a ground,
Her ground is made by slight:
Strong Timber props dung in the Sea
Do beare her vp by art,
An Ile is all her market-place,
A large and spacious part,
A Duke with Senate ioynd doth rule,
Saint MARKE is patron chiefe,
Ilk yeare they wedde the Sea with rings
To be their sure reliefe,
The Angell then arriu'd into
This artificiall Towne,
And chang'd in likenes of a man,
He walkes both vp and downe,
While time he met some man of spirit,
And then began to say,
What do we all me thinke we sleepe:
Are we not day by day
By cruell Turkes and Infidels
Most spitefully oppress'd?
They kill our Knights, they brash our forts,
They let vs neuer rest,
Go too, go too, once make a proofe:
No more let vs desist:
To bold attempts God giues successe,
If once assay we list,
With this he goes away. This man
Vnto an other tells
The purpose; whereunto they both
Agree among themsels.

This

Or, Heroical Song.

This other to an other tell,
And so from hand to hand,
It spreads and goes, and all that heard
It, necessarie it fand,
And last of all it comes vnto
The Duke and Senates care,
Who found it good, and followed furth
The same as ye shall heare,
The Towne was driven into this time,
In such a pittieous strait
By Mahometists, that they had els
Giuen ouer all debair,
The Turke had conquest Cyprus Ile,
And all their lands that lay
Without the bounds of Italie,
Almost the whole, I say:
And they for last refuge of all,
Had mou'd each Christian King,
To make their Churches pray for their
Reliefe in euery thing.
The Towne with pittieous plaints did call
Vpon the Lord of might,
With praying still and fasting oft,
And groning all the night:
Was nothing heard but sobs and sighs,
Was nothing scene but teares,
Yea sorrow draue the brauest men
With mourning to their beares,
The women sfound for sorrow oft,
The babe for woe did weepe,
To see the mother giuing milke,
Such dolefull gesture keepe,
Young men and maides within the Towne
Were ay arraid in blacke,
Each Eau'n the Sunne was sooner hid
Then earst, the night to macke.

The Kings Lepanto, 10

No Venus then, nor Cupid false;
 Durst kyth or once appeare;
 For pale distresse had banish't them,
 By sadde and sory cheare.
 As seas did compasse them about,
 As Seas the streets did ring;
 So Seas of teares did euer flow
 The houses all within;
 As Seas within were ioynd with howles,
 So Seas without did rayre,
 Their carefull cries to Heauen did mount,
 Resounding in the ayre.
 O stay, my Mule, thou goest too farre,
 Shew where we left before,
 Left trickling teares so fill my pen,
 That it will write no more;
 Then VENICE being in this state,
 When Gabriel there was sent,
 His speaches spread abroad, made Towne
 And Senate both so bent
 To take reuenge, as they implorde
 The Christian Princes ayd,
 Of forces such, as easily;
 They might haue spar'd and may'd.
 At last, support was graunted them,
 The holy league was past,
 Als long to stand, as twist the Turkes
 And Christians warre should last.
 It was agreed, that into March,
 Or Aprill euery year,
 The army should on Easterne Seas,
 Conuene from farre and neare.
 Thus bent vpon their enterprise,
 The principals did conuene,
 Into Messina to consult,
 What order should haue beene

Obserr'd

On Herseall Song.

Observ'd in all their army great
 There *Don Iohn d Austria* came
 Their Generall great, and *Venerable*
 Came there in *Venice* name
 From *Genes* *Andrea Doria* came
 And *Rome* *Colonne* lent
 When they with others many dayes
 Had into counsaile spent.
 In end *Ascagnio Dela Corne*
 A martiall man and wise,
 His counsaile gave, he yet shall heare
 Vpon their enterprise.
 Three causes be of chief twayne braue
 That should a Generall let,
 On Fortunes light vntertayne wkele
 The victory to set;
 First, if the losse may harme him more,
 Then winning can auayle,
 As if his Realme lie doe defend
 From them that it assaile.
 The next, is when the contrare Host
 Is able to deuide,
 For sicknesse sore, or famine great,
 Then best is to abide.
 The third and last, it is in case
 His forces be too small,
 Then better farre is to delay,
 Then for to perish all.
 But since of these two former poynts
 We need not stand in doubt,
 Then though we lesse, we may defend
 Our Countries round about.
 As to the last, this armie is
 So awfull, strong and fayre,
 And furnisht so with needfares
 Through your foreseeing care,

The Kings Lepanto,

That nought doth rest but courage bolde,
Then since your state is such,
With trust in God assay your chance.
Good cause awayleth much,
But specially take heed to this,
That ere ye make away,
Ye order all concerning warre,
Into their due array:
For if while that ye see your foes,
Ye shall continue all,
Then shall their sudden sight with feare
Your brauest Spreits appall:
Each one commaund a sundry thing,
Astonisht of the case,
And euery simple Soldar shall
Vsurpe his Captaynes place,
This counsaile so contents them all,
That euery man departs,
With whispering much, and so resolues
With bold magnanime hearts.
THEIR preparations being made,
They all vpon a day,
Their bicing Ankers gladly wayde,
And made them for the way,
The Grecian Fleet, for Helens cause,
That Neptunes towne did sacke,
In braue array, or glistering armes,
No match to them could make,
There came eight thousand Spaniards braue
From hote and barren Spayne,
Good ordour-keepers, cold in fight,
With proud disdaynfull brayne,
From pleasant fertill Italic,
There came twelue thousand als,
Wich subeill spreits bent to reutnge,
By crafty meanes and fals.

Three

On Hierolath Song.

Three thousand **Almans** also came,
From Countries cold and wide,
These money men with awfull cheare
The chock will dourely bide.
From diuers parts did also come,
Three thousand venturers braue,
All voluntaires of conscience mou'd,
And would no wages haue.
Armed Galleyes twice a hunder and eight,
Six shippes all wondrous great,
And fise and twenty loadned shippes,
With baggage, and with meat,
With fourty other little barks,
And prettie Galeots small.
Of these aforesayd was compound
The Christian Nauie all.
THIS cloud of Gallies thus began
On **Neptunes** backe to rowe :
And in the ships the Marriners
Did skippe from towe to towe.
With willing minds they hayld the **Tyes**,
And hoyst the flaffing Sayles,
And strongest towes, from highest mastes,
With force and practique hayles.
The Forceats lothsomly did rowe,
In Gallies 'gainst their will,
Whom Galley-masters oft did beate,
And threaten euer still.
The foming Seas did bullor vp,
The risking Oares did rash,
The Souldats pieces for to clenge
Did showres of shots delash.
But as the Deuill is ready bent,
Good workes to hinder ay,
So fowd he in this Nauy strife,
Their good successe to stay.

The Kings Lepanto.

Yet did the wisdomes of the Chieftes,
And of the generall most,
Compound all quarrels and debates
That were, into that Host,
Preferring wisely as they ought,
The honour of the Lord,
Vnto their owne, the publike cause,
To priuate mens discorded rage,
The feathered fame of wondrous speed,
That doth delight to see
On tops of houses prating all
That she can heare or see,
Part true, part false: this monster strange
Among the Turkes did tell,
That diuers Christian Princes ioynd,
Resolu'd with them to melle
Then spyes were sent abroad, who told
The matter as it stood,
Except in Arithmetique (as
It seemd) they were not good:
For they did count their number,
Be lesse then was indeed,
Which did into the great Turkes mind
A great disdayning breed.
A perillous thing, as euer came
Into a Chieftaynes brayne,
To set at nought his foes (though small)
By lighleing disdayne.
Then *Selym* sent a Navy out,
Who wandred without rest,
Whill time into LEPANTOES gulfe,
They all their Ankers keft,
In season when with sharpest hooks
The busie shearers cove
The fruitfull yellow locks of gold,
That doe on *Ceres* growe,

And

On Interical Song

And when the strongest Trees for weight
Of birth doe downeward bow
Their heauy heads, whose coloured knops
In shoures rayne tipely now,
And husband men with Woodbind crownes,
To twice borne *Bacchus* dance,
Whose pleasant poyson sweet in taste,
Doe cast them in a trances
Into this riping season sure,
The Christian Host, I say,
Were all assembled for to make
Them readie for the way.
But or they from *Messena* came,
The Vines were standing bayre,
Trees voyd of fruite, and *Cornes* polde,
And lacking all her hayre;
But when that leaues, with ratling falles
In banks of withered boughes,
And carefull labourers doe begin
To yoke the paynfull ploughes,
The Nauies neere to other drew,
And *Venier* (sent before)
Gauc false Alaram, sending word,
The Turkes had skowp'd the score,
That fifty Gallies quite were fled,
This word he sent expresse,
To make the Christians willingly
To battell them addresse.
As so they did, and entred all,
(Moo'd by that famin flight)
Into *LEPANTOES* gulfe, and there
Preparde them for the fight.
Whill this was doing here on earth,
Great God, who creates all,
(With wakrife eye preordoning
What euer doth befall)

C

Was

The Kings Ex parte

Was sitting in his pompous throne,
In highest heauen above,
And gloriously accompanide
With iustice and with Loue;
The one hath smiling countenance,
The other frowning cheere;
The one to mercy still perswades
Him as a Father deare;
The other for to powre his plagues
Vpon repining sinne,
And fill the fields with wofull cries,
The houses all with dinne.
But yet the Lord so temperates them,
That both doe brooke their place,
For iustice whiles obtaynes her will,
But euermore doth grace;
I E H O V A alth batt balances,
Wherewith hee weighes aright
The greatest and the heaviest finnes
With smaller faults and light;
These grace did moue him for to sake:
And so he weighed in heauen
The Christian faults, with faithlesse **Turkes**,
The ballance stood not eauen,
But sweyd vpon the faithlesse side,
And then with awfull face,
Frownd God of Hosts, the whirling heauens
For feare did tremble, space
The stayest mountaynes shuddered all,
The grounds of earth did shake,
The Seas did bray, and **Plains** **Realms**,
For horror cold did quake,
HOW soone **Aquere** in full face
Had shead the shady light,
And made the chiuering **Larks** to sing
For gladnesse of the light,

And

On the death of King James

And Phoebe with inconstant face,
 In Seas had gone to rest;
 And Phobus chasing vapours moyst,
 The Skye made blew celest;
 The Generall of the Christian Host,
 Vpon his Galley Mast,
 The bloody signe of furious Mars,
 Made to be fixed fast.
 Then, as into a spacious towne,
 At breaking of the day,
 The busie worke-men doe prepare
 Their Worklumes every way.
 The Wright doth sharpe his hacking Axe,
 The Smith his grinding File,
 Glasse-makers beets their fire that burnes
 Continuall, not a while:
 The Paynter mixes colours vixe,
 The Printer Letters sets,
 The Mason clinks on Marble stones,
 Which hardly drest he gets;
 Euen so, how soone this Warriours world
 With earnest eyes did see
 Yon signe of warre, they all prepaide
 To winne or else to dye:
 Here Hagbutts prepaide with speed,
 A number of Bullets round;
 There Cannoners, their Cannon skild,
 To make destroying sound;
 Here Knights did dight their burnisht brands,
 Their Archers bowes did bend,
 The Armorers on Corsets knocke,
 And Harnesse hard did mend,
 The fiery Marriners at once
 Made all their tackling claire,
 With whispering dione, and cyes confus'd,
 Preparing here and there:

The Kings Lepanto

As busie Bees within their Hives
 With murmuring euer still,
 Are earn't vpon their fruitfull worke,
 Their empty holes to fill.
 The Flags and Ensignes were displayd,
 At Zephyrs will to waue,
 Each paynted in the colours cleare
 Of euery owner braue.
 But all this time, in carefull minde
 The Generall euer rolde,
 What maner of aray would best
 Fit such an army bolde.
 To pance on this it paynd him more,
 This more did trouble his brest,
 Then Cannons, Coite-lets, Bullets, Tackle,
 And Swords, and Bowes, the rest,
 And at the last with ripe aduice,
 Of Chieftaynes sage and graue,
 He shead in thre, in Cressents forme,
 This marttall army braue.
 The Generall in the battayle was,
 And Colonell yndertooke
 The right wing with the force of Genes,
 The left did Venier brooke.
 WHEN this was dooe, the Spanish Prince
 Did rowe about them all,
 And on the nauies of speciall men,
 With louing speach did call,
 Remembring them how righteous was
 Their quarrell, and how good,
 Immortall praise, and infinite paynes,
 To conquire with their blood
 And that the glory of God in earth,
 Into their manhead stand,
 Through iust reliefe of Christian soules
 From cruell Pagans hands,
 But

Or, Heroicall Song.

But if the **Enemie** triumphed
 Of them and of their fame,
 In millions men to **bondage** would,
 Professing **IESVS** name,
 The **Spaniol** Prince exhorting thus
 With glad and smiling cheere,
 With sugred words and gesture good,
 So pleas'd both eye and eare,
 That euerie man cryed **victorie**,
 This word abroad they blew,
 A good preface that **victorie**
 Thereafter should ensue,
 The **Turquish** Host in manner like
 themselves they did aray,
 The which two **Bashas** did commaund
 And order euery way,
 For **Portan** **Basha** had in charge,
 To gouerne all by land,
 And **Ali-Basha** had by Sea
 The onely chiefe command,
 These **Bashas** in the **bataille** were,
 With mo then I can tell,
 And **Mabomet** **Be**y the right wing had,
 The left **Ochiali** fell,
 Then **Ali-Basha** visied all
 With bold and manly face,
 Whose tongue did vtter courage mote
 Then had alluring graces,
 He did recount amongst the rest,
 What **victorie** **Turkes** obtaind
 On **caytife** **Christians**, and how long
 The **Ottomans** race had reigned,
 He told them also how long themselves
 Had **victours** euer bene,
 Euen of these same three **Princes** small,
 That now durst so conuenie

The Kings Lepanto,

And would ye then giue such a lye
Vnto your glories past;
As let your selues be ouerthrowne
By loofers at the last:
This victory shall Europe make
To be your conquest pray,
And all the rare things therein till,
Ye carry shall away:
But if ye leese, remember well
How ye haue made them thrall,
This samin way, or worse shall they
Demayne you one and all,
And then shall all your honours past,
In smoake euanish quite,
And all your pleasures turne in payne,
In dolour your delite:
Take courage then, and boldly to it,
Our *Mahomet* will ayd,
Conducting all your shots and stroakes
Of arrowe, dart, and blayd:
For nothing care, but onely one;
Which onely doth me fray,
That ere with them we euer meet,
For feare they flee away.
This speech did so the Army please,
And so their mindes did moue,
That clinks of Swords, and rattle of Pikes,
His speeches did approue.
THE glistring cleare of shining Sunne
Made both the Hosts so glaunce,
As fishes eyes did geele to see,
Such hewes on Seas godaunces:
But *Titan* shinde on eyes of *Turkes*,
And on the Christians backs,
Although the waivering wind, the which
But seldome feeling tacks,

The

Or, Intericall Song.

The Turks did second eies still,
Whill but a little space
Before the chocke, & mitaels
It turnd into their faces
Which Christians idyll as a scale
And token did receive,
That God of Hosts had promis'd them,
Their victory should haue.
HOW soone a Cannons smoaky throat
The Seas did dindle all,
And on Bellow bold and wise,
And bloody Mars did call,
And that the sounding cleare of brass,
Did als approue the same,
And kindled courage into men,
To winne immortall fame,
But what? Me thinke I doe intend
This battayle to recite,
And what by Martiall force was done,
My pen presumes to write,
As if I had yon bloody God,
And all his power scene,
Yea to descriue the God of Hosts,
My pen had able bene:
No, no: no man that witnesse was,
Can set it out aright.
Then how can I by heare-say doe,
Which none could doe by sight?
But since I rashly tooke in hand,
I must assay it now,
With hope that this my good intent
Ye Readers will allow:
I also trust, that euen as he
Who in the Sunne doth walke,
Is colourd by the same Sunne,
So shall my following talke,

The Kings Departhe.

Some fauour keepe of *Muslims* acts,
Since I would paint them out,
And God shall to his honour
My pen guide out of doubt.
This warning giuen to *Christians*, they
With *Turkes* yooke here and there,
And first the fixe *aforsayd* shippes,
That were so large and fayre,
And placed were in former ranks,
Did first of all pursue
With Bullets, Raifers, Chaynes, & nayles,
That from their pieces flew:
Their Cannons rummishit all at once,
Whose mortall thudding draue
The fatall *Turkes*, to be content
With *Thetis* for their graue.
The Fishes were astonisht all,
To heare such hideous sound,
The Azure skye was dim'd with smoke:
The dinne that did abound,
Like thunder rearding rumling raue
With roares the highest Heauen,
And pearst with pith the glistering vaults
Of all the *Plannets* seauen:
The piteous plaints, the hideous howles,
The grieuous cryes and mones,
Of millions wounded *fundry* wayes,
But dying all at once,
Conioynd with former horrible sound,
Distemperd all the ayre,
And made the Seas for terrour shake
With braying euery where:
Yet all these vnacquainted roares,
The fearefull threatening sound,
Ioynd with the groning mernuring howles,
The courage could not wound

So

On Heroicall Song

So farre of Turkish Chieftaynes bray,
As them to let or fray,
With boldest speed their grieuous harmes
With like for to repay,
Who made their Cannons bray for fast,
And Hagbutts crack so thicke,
As Christians dead in number almost
Did counteruayle the quicke,
And sent full many carcasses
Of Seas to lowest ground,
The Cannons thuds and cries of men
Did in the sky resound,
But Turkes remaind not long vnpayd
Euen with their proper coyne,
By bitter shots, which Christians did
To former thundering ioyne,
Dead dropt they downe on euery side,
Their fighting Spreits elchewes,
And crosses Scry into disdayne,
To heare infernall newes,
Yea scarcely could the ancient boate
Such number of soules conrayne,
But sobbed vnderneath the weighe
Of Passengers prophane,
While here the Father stood with Sonne,
A whirling round dorch beare,
The lead that dings the Father in drosse,
And firs the Sonne with feares,
Whill there a Chieftayne shrilly cryes,
And Souldars dorch command,
A speedy Peller stops his speech,
And stayes his poynting hands,
Whill time a chattered rump dorch stand
Amaz'd together all,
A farall Bullet them among,
Makes some selected fall:

35Y

D

The

The Kings Epanto,

The hideous noyse so deaf'd them all,
Increasing ever still,
That ready Soldies could not heare
Their wise Commanders will;
But every man as *Mars* him moov'd,
And as occasion serv'd,
His duty did, the best he might,
And for no perill sweard;
Their old Commanders precepts past
They put in practise then,
And onely memory did command
That multitude of men,
THVS after they with Cannons had
Their duty done afaire,
And time in end had wearied them
Of such embassad warre,
A rude recounter then they made,
Together Galloys clip,
And eche one other rasht her nose,
That in the Sea was dapt:
No maner of man was idle then,
Each man his armes did vie:
No scaping place is in the Seas,
Though men would *Mars* refuse:
The valiant Knight with Coullasse sharpe,
Of fighting foe doth part
The bloody head from body pale,
Whill one with deadly dart
Doth pearce his enemies heart in wayne,
Another fearce doth strike
Quite through his fellowes arme or leg,
With poynted brangling Pike,
The Cannons haue not thundering of,
Nor Hagbuts shooting still,
And seldome Powder waites in wayne,
But eyther wound or kill.

Yea

On Heroicall Song

Yea euen the simple forcats fought
 With beggers bolts anew,
 Wherewith full many principall men,
 They wounded sore and flew
 Whilltime a Christian with a sword,
 Lets out a faythlesse breath,
 A Turke on him doth with a dart
 Reuenge his fellowes death,
 Whilltime a Turke with arrow doth
 Shoot thorow a Christians arme,
 A Christian with a Pike dooth pearce
 The hand that did the harme:
 Whilltime a Christian Cannon killes
 A Turke with threatening sound,
 A Hagbut hits the Canoner,
 Who dead, falls to the ground:
 The beggers bolts by forcats casten,
 On all hands made to flye,
 Iaw-bones and braynes of kild and hurt,
 Who wisht (for payne) to dye,
 The clinks of swords, the rattle of Pikes,
 The whirre of arrowes light,
 The howles of hurt, the Capraynes cryes
 In vayne, doe what they might,
 The cracks of Galleyes broken and brauz'd,
 Of Gunnes the rumbling beare
 Refounded so, that though the Lord
 Had thundred, none could heare,
 The Sea was vernish'd red with blood,
 And fishes poyson'd all,
 As *Isbana* by *Moses* rodde,
 In Aegypt made befall.
 THIS cruell fight continued thus
 Vncertayne all the while:
 For Fortune off an either side
 Did frowne, and after while,

The Kings Lepanto.

It seem'd that *Andreas* and *Pallas* both
 Did thinke the day too short,
 With bloody practise thus to vie
 Their olde acquainted sport:
 For as the slaughter ay increas'd,
 So did the courage still
 Of martiall men, whome losse of friends
 Enarm'd with eigne will;
 The more their number did decrease,
 The more that they were harm'd;
 The more with *Martien* were they fill'd
 With holdaing spice marm'd:
 Now vp, now downe on either side,
 Now Christians seem'd to winne,
 Now ouerthrowne, and now agayne,
 They seem'd but to beginne.
 My pen for pittie cannot write,
 My hayre for horror stands,
 To thinke how many Christians there
 Were kild by Pagane hands,
 O Lord, through out this *Labyll*
 Make me the way to view,
 And let thy holy threefold Spere
 Be my conducting clew.
 O now I spy belied Heauen,
 Our landing is not farre,
 Loe, good victorious tydings come;
 To end this cruell warre.
 IN all the time that thus they fought,
 The Spanish Prince was clapt
 With *Al-Basha*, whome to meet,
 Therest he had oresslapt,
 And euen as throughout both the Froles,
 Dame Fortune varied still
 So kythde she twixt those Champions two,
 Her fond inconstant will

For

Or, *Perseus Song.*

For after that the Castle's foure
Of Gallies both, with sound,
And slaughter huge, their Bullets had
In other made rebound,
And all the small Artillery,
Confunde their shots below,
In killing men, or else to cur
Some Cable strong, or Towe:
Yet victory still intrestayne was,
And Soldats neuer ceast
(With interchange of Pikes and Darts)
To kill or wound at least.
In end, when they with bloud abroad,
Had bought their meeting deare,
The victory first on Spanish side
Began for to appeare:
For euen the Spanish Prince himselte
Did hazard at the last,
Accompanied with boldest men,
Who followd on him fast,
By force to winne the Turkish decke,
The which he did obtayne,
And entered in their Galley syne,
But did not long remayne:
For *Ali-Basha* prou'd so well,
With his assisters braue,
That backward faster then they came
Their valiant foes they draue,
That glad they were to scape themselues,
And leaue behind anew
Of valiant fellows carcasses,
Whom thus their enemies flew,
The Generall boldned then with spight,
And vernisht red with shame,
Did rather chuse to leete his life,
Then tyme his spreading fame:

The Kings Lepanto

And so of new encouraged
His Souldiers true and bolde,
As now for eigneless they burne,
Who earst were waxed cold;
And thus they entred in agayne,
More fiercely then before,
Whose rude assault could *Ali* then
Resist not any more,
But fled vnto the Fort at **STEVIN**,
For last refuge of all,
Abiding in a doubtfull feare,
The chance he did befall.
A Macedonian Souldier then,
Great honour for to win,
Before the rest in earnest hope,
To *Basha* bold did rin,
And with a Cutlace sharpe and fine,
Did whip me off his head,
Who lackt not his rewarde of him
That did the Naby lead;
The Generall syng caus'd fixe the head
Vpon his Galley Mast,
At sight whereof, the faythlesse Host
Were all so fore agast,
That all amaz'd gaue backe at once,
But yet were stayd agayne,
And neuer one at all did scape,
But taken were or slayne,
Qebiali except, with three times ten
Great Gallies of his owne,
And many of the Knights of **MALT**,
Whome he had ouerthrowne;
But if that he with his conuoy
Had mist a safe retreat,
No newes had **SELYM** but by brute,
Heard euer of this defeat.

baA.

3

WHEN

Or, Heroicall Song.

WHEN thus the victory was obtain'd,
And thanks were given to God,
Twelve thousand Christians counted were,
Reliev'd from Turquish rod.
O Spanish Prince, whome of a glance
And suddenly away
The cruel fates gaueto the world,
Not suffering thee to stay!
With this the still night sad and blacke
The earth oreshadowed then,
Who *Morphews* brought with her and rest,
To steale on beasts and men.
BVT all this time was Venice Towne
Reuoluing what euent
Might come of this prepared fight,
With doubtfull mindes and bent:
They long'd, and yet they durst not long,
To heare the newes of all:
They hoped good, they fear'd the euill,
And kest what might befall.
At last the ioyfull tydings came,
Which such a gladnesse bred,
That Marrons graue, and Mayds modest,
The market place bespred:
Anone with cheerefull countenance
They dresse them in a ring,
And thus the formost did begin
Syne all the rest to sing.

D 4

Chorus

Chorus V *Chorus*

Sing praise to God both young and olde,
 That in this towne remayne,
 With voyce, and every Instrument,
 Found out by mortall brayne :
 Sing praises to our mighty God,
 Prayse our deliuerers name,
 Our louing Lord, who now in need,
 Hath kythd to be the same,
 The faythlesse Sargis did compasse vs,
 Their nets were set about :
 But yet our dearest Father in Heauen,
 He hath redeemd vs out,
 Not onely that, but by his power,
 Our enemies feet they slayd,
 Whom he hath mar, and made to fall
 Into the pit they made,
 Sing prayse then both young and olde,
 That in this towne remayne,
 To him that hath releued our necks,
 From Turkish yoke prophane,
 Let vs wash off our sinnes impure,
 Cast off our garments vile,
 And haunt his Temple euery day,
 To praye his name a while,
 O prayse him for the victory,
 That he hath made vs haue :
 For he it was reueng'd our cause,
 And not our army braue :

Prayse

The Kings Lepanto.

Prayfe him with Trumpet, Piphre, & drum,
With Lutes and Organes fine,
With Viols, Guitars, Clifpers als,
And sweetest voyces fyne:
Sing prayfe, fing prayfe both yong and old,
Sing prayfes one and all,
To him that hath redeemed vs now,
From cruell Pagans thrall.

IN hearing of this Song, me thinks
My members waxes faynt,
Nor yet from dulnesse can I keepe
My minde by no restraint.
But loe, my Yrny Head doth now
Vpon my Adamant breake,
My eye-lids will stand vp no more,
But fall to take them rest,
And through my weake and weary hand,
Doth slide my pen of lead,
And sleepe doth else possesse me all,
The similitude of dead:
The God with golden wings through posts
Of horne doth to me creepe,
Who changes oft shapes transformd,
Then *Proteus* in the deepe.
How soone he came, quite from my mind,
He worldly cares remou'd,
And all my members in my bed,
Lay still in rest belou'd.
And syne I heard a ioyfull song,
Of all the feathered bands
Of holy Angels in the heauen,
Thus singing on all hands.

E *Chorus*

Chorus Angelorum

Sing, let vs sing with one accord
Halleluiah on hye,
With euery elder that doth bow
Before the Lambe his knees,
Sing foire and twenty all with vs,
Whill Heauen and earth resound,
Replenish with *lebomas* prayse,
Whose like cannot be found:
For he it is, that is, and was,
And euermore shall be,
One onely one vnseparate,
And yet in persons thre,
Prayse him, for that he create hath
The Hea^uen, the earth, and all,
And euer hath preferu'd them since
From their ruine and fall:
But prayse him more, if more can be,
That so he loues his name,
As he doth mercy shew to all
That doe professe the same:
And not alanerly to them
Professing it aright:
But euen to them that misce therewith
Their owne inuentions slight:
As specially this samin time
Most playnely may appeare,
In giuing them such victory
That not aright him feare:

For

The Kings Leprosy

For since he shewes such grace to them
That thinke themselves are met,
What will he more to them that in
His mercies onely trust
And such that so he vses them
That doubt for to be sayd,
How much more them that in their hearts
His promise haue engraued
And since he doth such fauour shew
To them that fondly pray
To other Mediatours, then
Can helpe them any way:
O how then will he fauour them,
Who prayers doe direct
Vnto the Lambe, whom onely he
Ordaynd for that effect
And since he doth reuenge their cause,
That worship God of bread,
(An error vayne the which is bred
But in a mortall head)
Then how will he reuenge their cause
That onely feare and serue
His dearest Sonne, and for his sake
Will for no perils sweare?
And since that so he pities them
That beare vpon their brow
The marke of Antichrist, the Whore,
That great abuser now,
Who does the truest Christians
With fire and sword inuade,
And make them holy Martyrs, that
Their trust in God haue layd,
How will he them that thus are vsde,
And beare vpon their face
His speciall marke, a certayne signe
Of everlasting grace?

The Kings Lepanto.

Put end vnto the trauels (Lord)
And miseries of thy Saynes,
Remouing quite this blindnesse grosse,
That now the world so dauntly
Sing prayes of his mercy then
His superexcellence great,
Which doth exceede euen all his works
That lyē before his seat,
And let vs sing both now and ay,
To him with one accord,
O holy, holy, God of Hosts,
Thou euerliuing Lord.

THUS ended was the Angels song,
And also here **Pend**
Exhorting all you Christians true
Your courage vnto bending
And since by this defeat yeres,
That God doth loue his name
So well, that so he did them ayd
That seru'd not fight the same
Then though the Antichristian sect
Against you doe continue,
He doth the body better loue
Then shadow, be ye sure:
Doe ye resist with confidence,
That God shall be your stay,
And turne it to your comfort, and
His glory now and ay.

FINIS.

